



MARVEL
COMICS

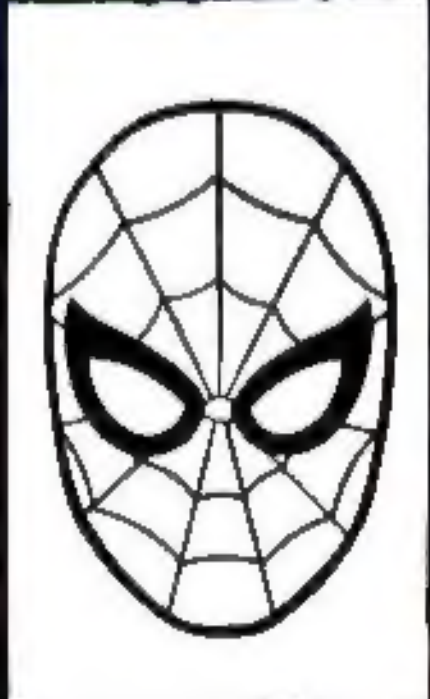
JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY PART ONE

QUANTAR

\$1.00 US
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13
AUG
UK 60p

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

DIM
LEE



GUEST-STARRING
**SQUADRON
SUPREME**

WENDELL VAUGHN... THE FIRST EARTH MAN EVER APPOINTED PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE. BONDED TO THE ENERGY-TRANSFORMING QUANTUM-BANDS THAT ARE BOTH WEAPONS AND SYMBOLS OF HIS STATION, HE FIGHTS AN ONGOING BATTLE TO DEFEND ALL LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE FROM COSMIC EVIL!

STAN LEE PRESENTS... QUASAR!

I DON'T KNOW IF I BELIEVE IN AN AFTERLIFE... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I BELIEVE IN ANYMORE, I'M SO SCREWED UP, SO WHAT AM I DOING AT A GRAVE SITE, THEN...?

IF ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS TO ESCAPE FROM ALL MY RESPONSIBILITIES... AND INADEQUACIES... AND FAILURES FOR A WHILE, THERE ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF PLACES DEVOID OF LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE.

BUT NO... THIS IS WHERE I HAD TO COME... A TINY MOON ORBITING SATURN...

THE EARTH YOU HAVE REACHED...

MARK GRUENWALD * WORDS MIKE MANLEY * PENCILS DAN PANOSIAN * INKS JANICE CHIANG * LETTERS PAUL BECTON * COLORS HOWARD MACKIE * EDITS TOM D'ARCO * CHIEF

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... BECAUSE THIS IS THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF MY PREDECESSOR, THE PREVIOUS SO-CALLED PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE... CAPTAIN MAR-VELL.

I REGRET I'D NEVER MET HIM. I SAW HIM ONCE AT AN INFORMAL GATHERING, BUT AT THE TIME I HAD NO INKLING HE WAS ANYTHING MORE THAN A SUPER HERO RUMORED TO BE AN ALIEN.

MAN, WOULD MY LIFE BE A LOT EASIER IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN CANCER, MAR-VELL.

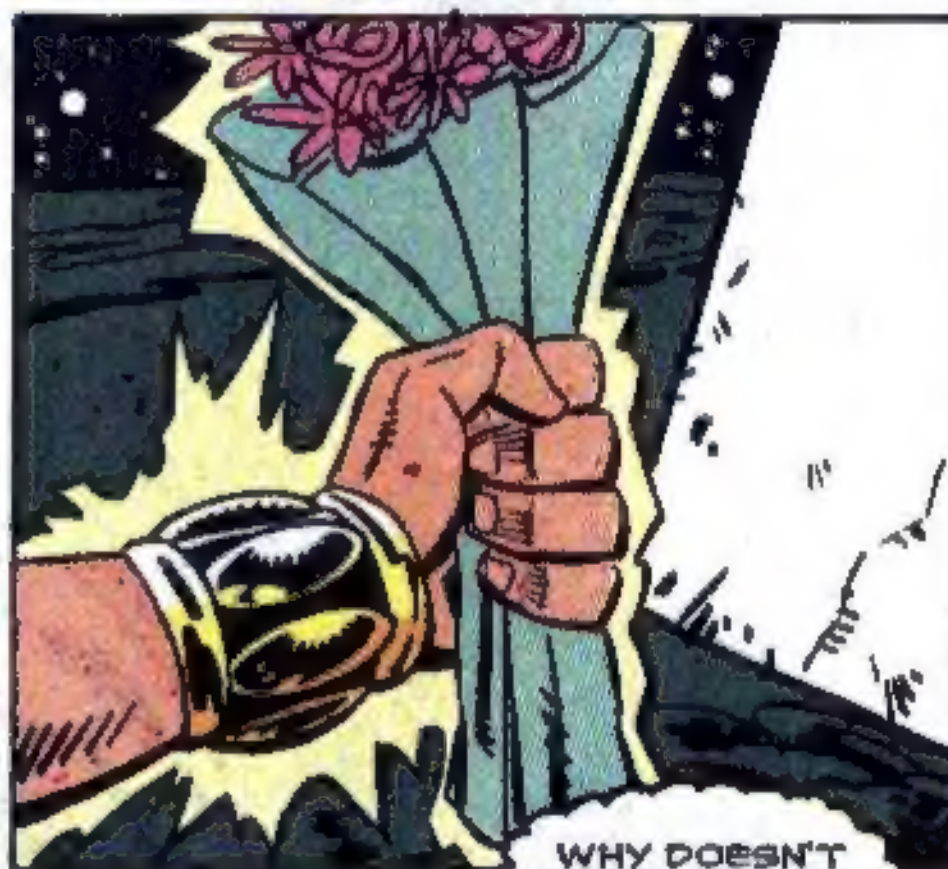
EVERYONE I'VE TALKED TO WHO KNOW YOU SINGS YOUR PRAISES. TALK ABOUT A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T TOLD MANY PEOPLE I GOT YOUR OLD JOB.

WHAT'S INCREDIBLE TO ME IS THAT YOU MANAGED TO BE PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT THE QUANTUM-BANDS THANKS TO A COSMIC FOUL-UP. ME, I'M BARELY GETTING BY AND I'VE GOT THEM.

I HAVEN'T EVEN FACED MY FIRST REALLY BIG COSMIC ORDEAL YET, AND ALREADY MY TRACK RECORD IS PRETTY LOUSY.

EON DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING BUT I CAN TELL HE REGRETS APPOINTING ME PROTECTOR. BUT HE'S STUCK WITH ME. THE JOB'S MINE TILL DEATH... HOPEFULLY, MY DEATH AND NOT THE UNIVERSE'S.

WERE YOU EVER PLAGUED WITH SELF-DOUBTS LIKE I AM? YOU HAD TO BE! WHAT'S THE STORY WITH EON? DOES HE REALLY THINK ANY ONE MAN IS UP TO THE TASK OF PROTECTING THE WHOLE BLEEDING UNIVERSE?



WHY DOESN'T HE GO AROUND APPOINTING LEGIONS OF THEM TO--

UH-OH.



BLAST!



WHILE I'VE BEEN
OUT HERE **WARNING**
AND FEELING
SORRY FOR
MYSELF--

--SOMETHING
FROM SPACE HAS
PASSED THROUGH
THE **INVISIBLE**
ENERGY LATTICE
I CREATED AROUND
EARTH--

--TO WARN ME OF
EXTRATERRESTRIAL
TRESPASSERS!



MAYBE THIS
IS IT. THE **BIG**
COSMIC KAHUNA,
EON, SPECIFICALLY
APPOINTED ME TO
COUNTER--JUST
LIKE YOU WERE
APPOINTED TO
COUNTER
THANOS,
MAR-VELL!



NO TIME TO LOSE.
BETTER MAKE A
QUANTUM-JUMP.

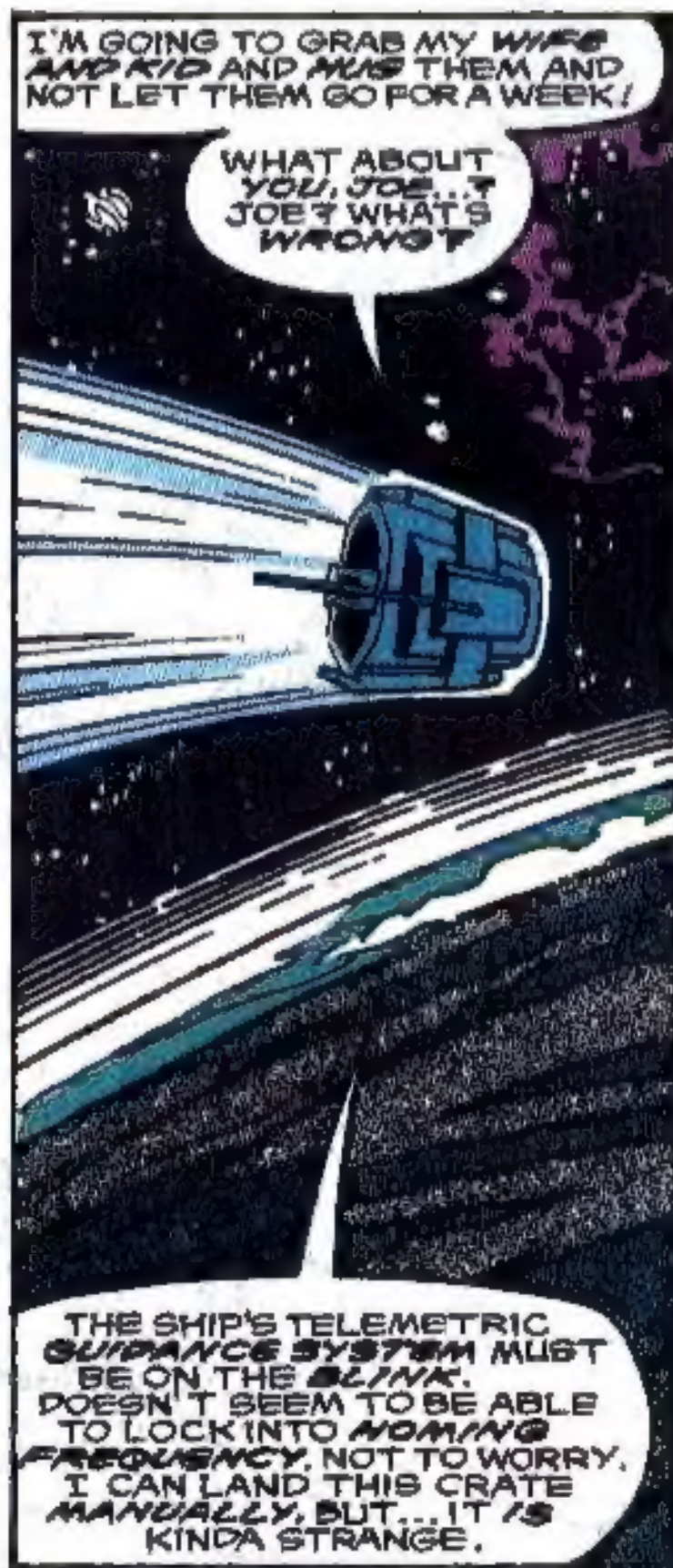
THANKS
FOR **LISTENING**,
MAR-VELL! I'LL
BE **BACK**--ONE
WAY OR
ANOTHER!



EARTH'S EXOSPHERE...

LOOK AT THAT.
HAS A PLANET
EVER LOOKED SO
BEAUTIFUL?

I CAN'T
WAIT TO **SET**
DOWN. FIRST THING
I'M GOING TO DO IS
KICK OFF MY BOOTS
AND WALK **BAREFOOT**
THROUGH THE
GRASS!



I'M GOING TO GRAB MY **WIFE**
AND **KID** AND **MUS** THEM AND
NOT LET THEM GO FOR A WEEK!

WHAT ABOUT
YOU, JOE...?
JOE? WHAT'S
WRONG?

THE SHIP'S **TELEMETRIC**
GUIDANCE SYSTEM MUST
BE ON THE **BLINK**.
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ABLE
TO LOCK INTO **MOVING**
FREQUENCY. NOT TO WORRY.
I CAN LAND THIS CRATE
MANUALLY, BUT... IT IS
KINDA STRANGE.



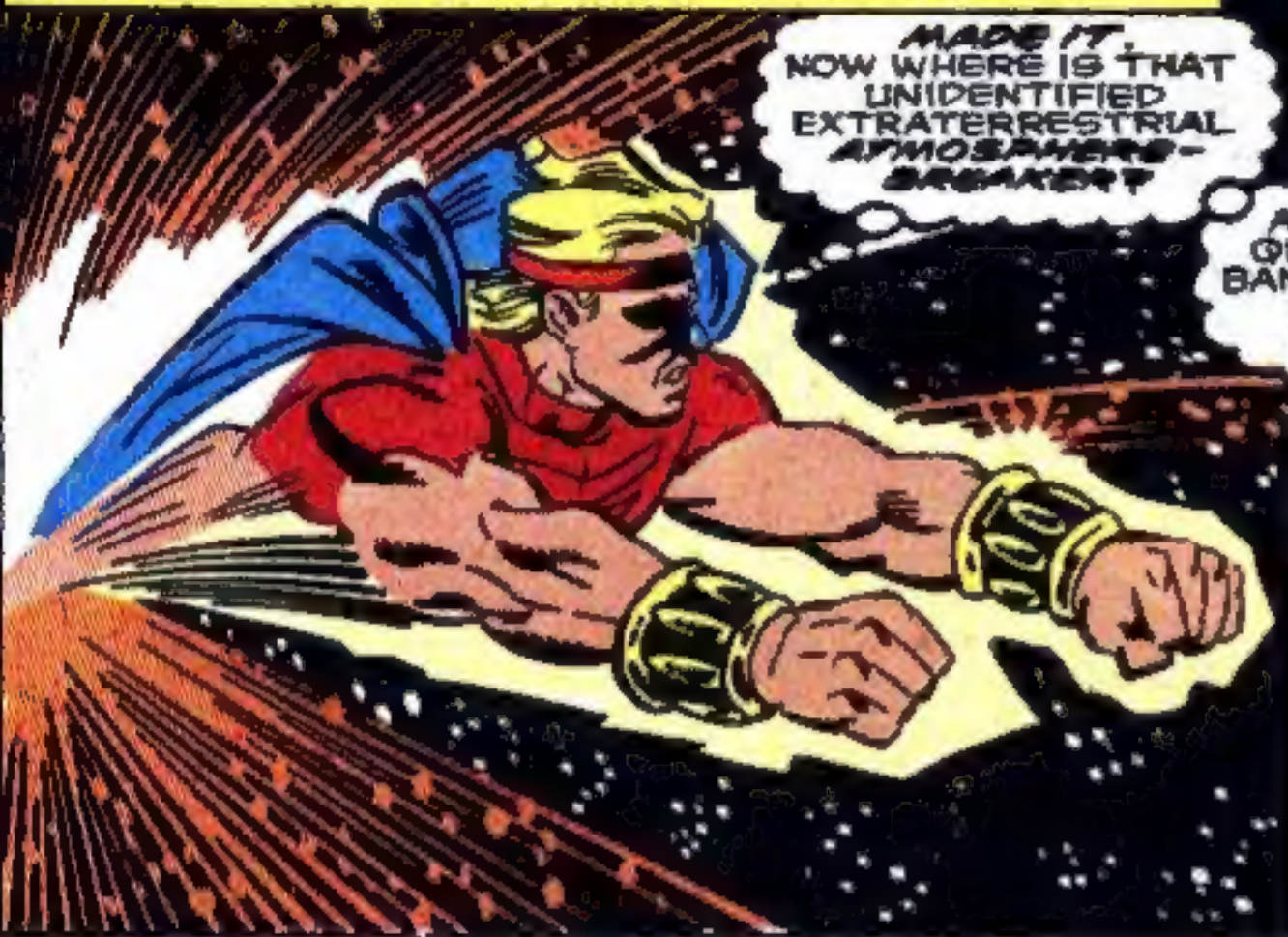
LET ME SEE
IF I CAN GET A
VOICE-
TRANSMISSION.

SSI TO BASE.
SSI TO BASE.
PLEASE
RESPOND.
OVER.

STZZZSTZZSTZZZZZ

NOTHING
BUT
STATIC.

HIT THAT MOMENT, EMERGING FROM HYPERSPACE...



MADE IT.
NOW WHERE IS THAT
UNIDENTIFIED
EXTRATERRESTRIAL
ATMOSPHERE-
BREAK??

AHA. MY
QUANTUM-
BANDS HAVE
GOT A
FIX.



GOT TO
DESCEND AT
THE FASTEST
SPEED THAT
WON'T CAUSE
ENVIRONMENTAL
DAMAGE--!

BELOW...

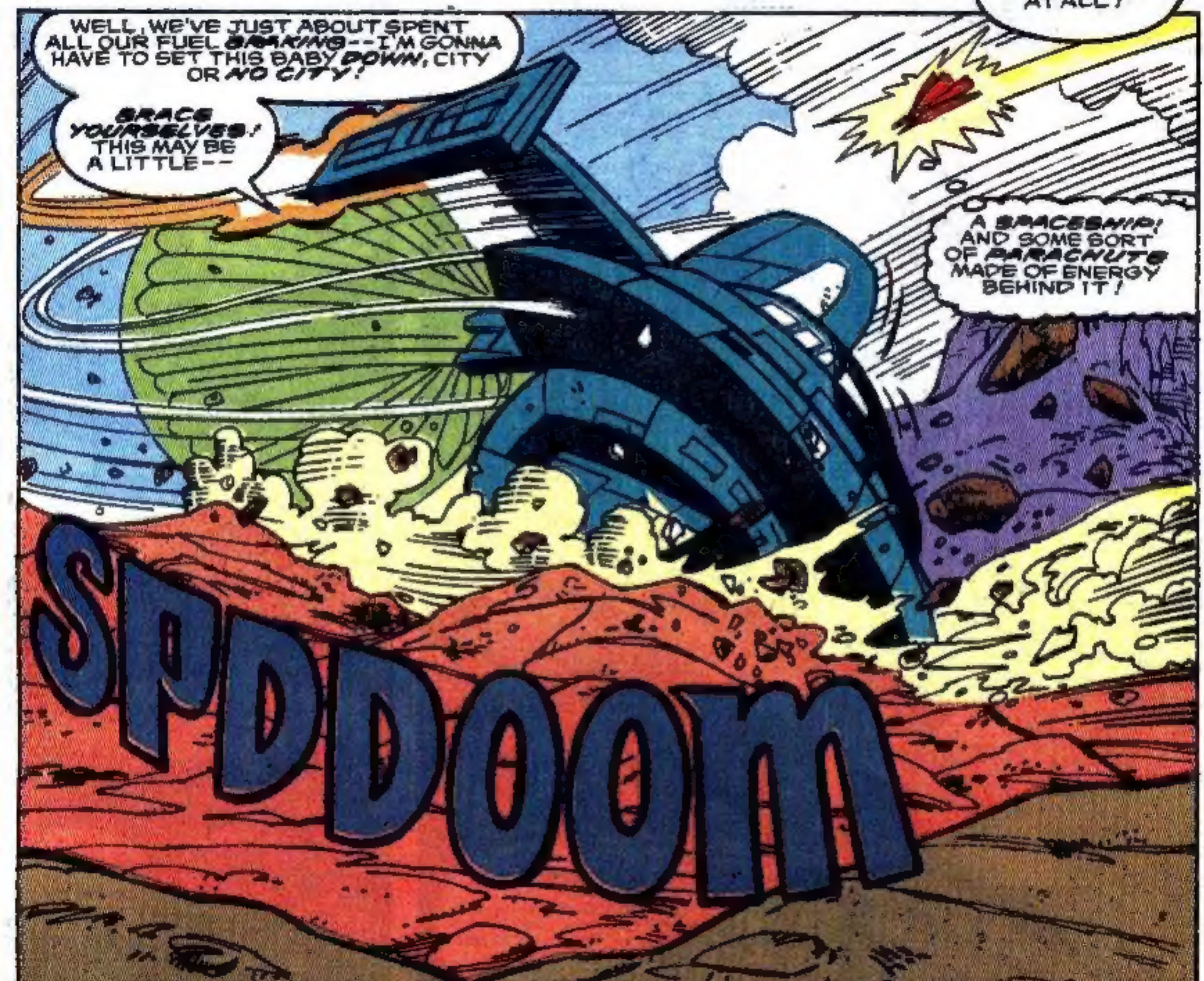
STRAP IN,
EVERYBODY. WITHOUT
TELEMETRY TO GUIDE
ME, I'M GOING TO HAVE
TO DO THIS ALL BY
THE SEAT OF MY
PANTS!



'CANNA-- YOU CREATED THE
INVISIBILITY FIELD AROUND
THE CITY. UNCREATES IT SO
I CAN SEE THE LANDING STRIP!

I'M TRYING,
JOE-- BUT
SOMETHING--
SOMETHING IS
REALLY
WRONG--!

I DON'T
FEEL THE CITY
AT ALL!

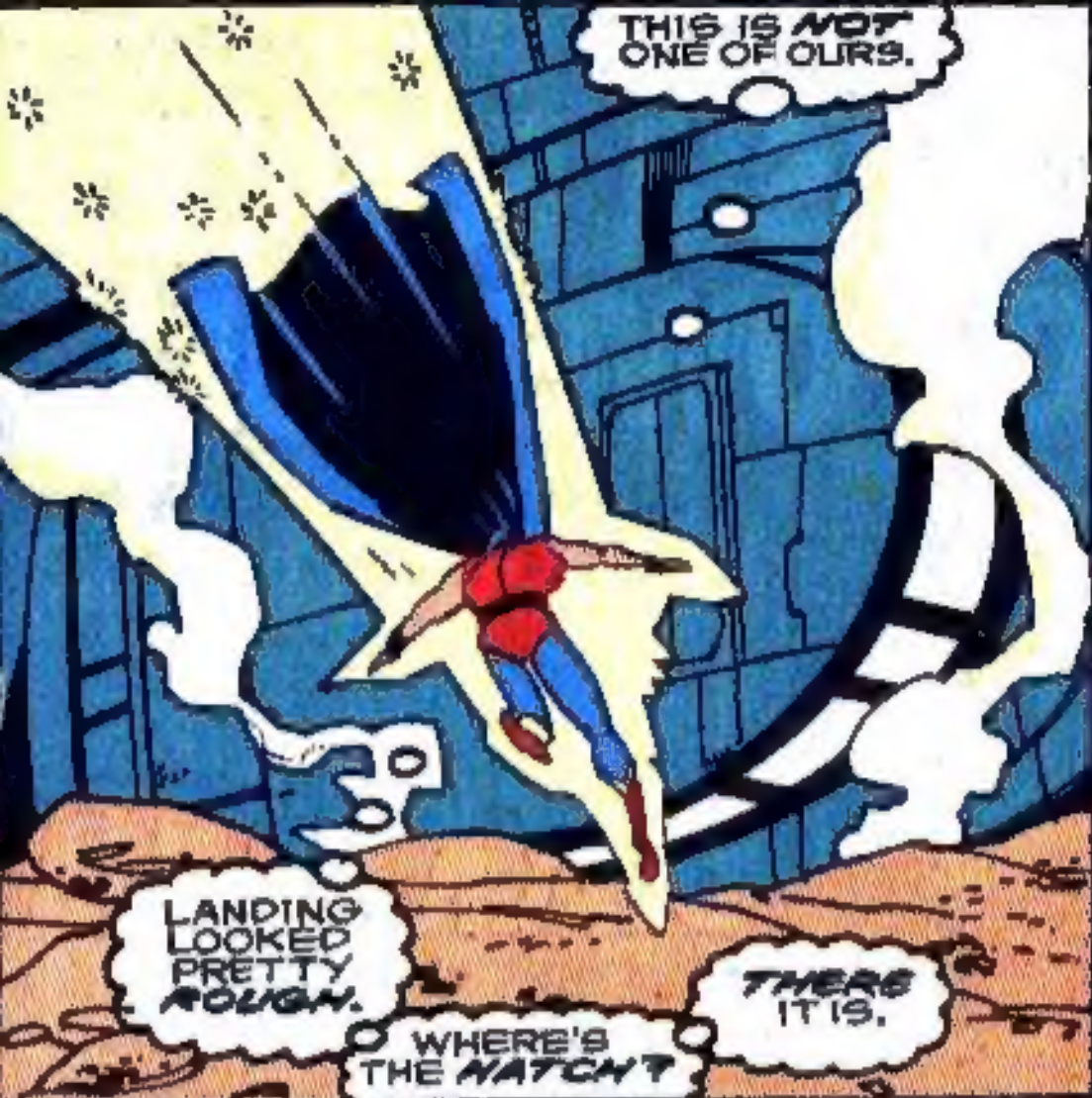


WELL, WE'VE JUST ABOUT SPENT
ALL OUR FUEL ~~SAVING~~-- I'M GONNA
HAVE TO SET THIS BABY DOWN, CITY
OR NO CITY!

BRACE
YOURSELVES!
THIS MAY BE
A LITTLE--

A BRACESHIP!
AND SOME SORT
OF PARACHUTE
MADE OF ENERGY
BEHIND IT!

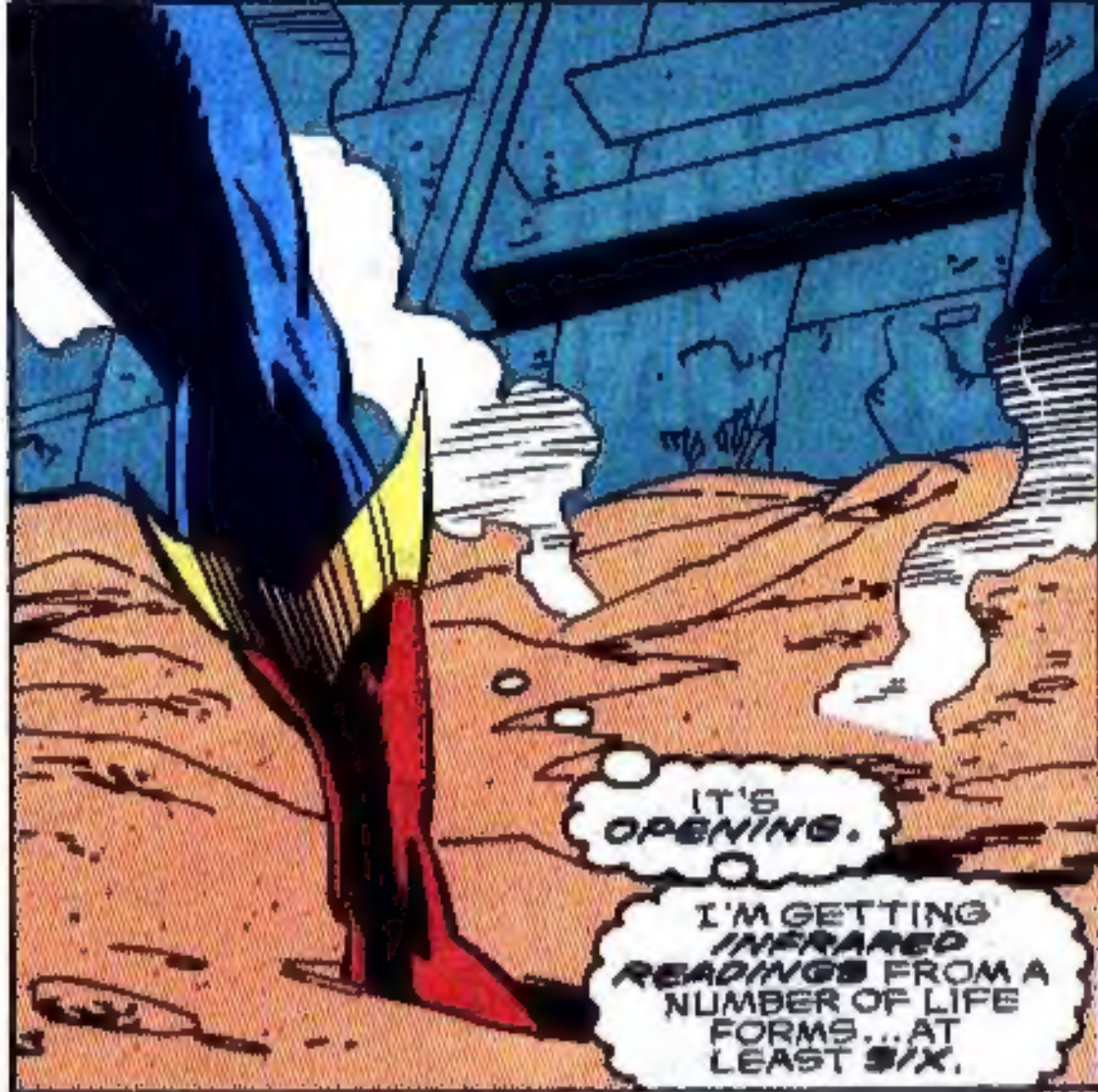
SPD DOOM



LANDING
LOOKED
PRETTY
ROUGH.

WHERE'S
THE HATCH?

THERE
IT IS.



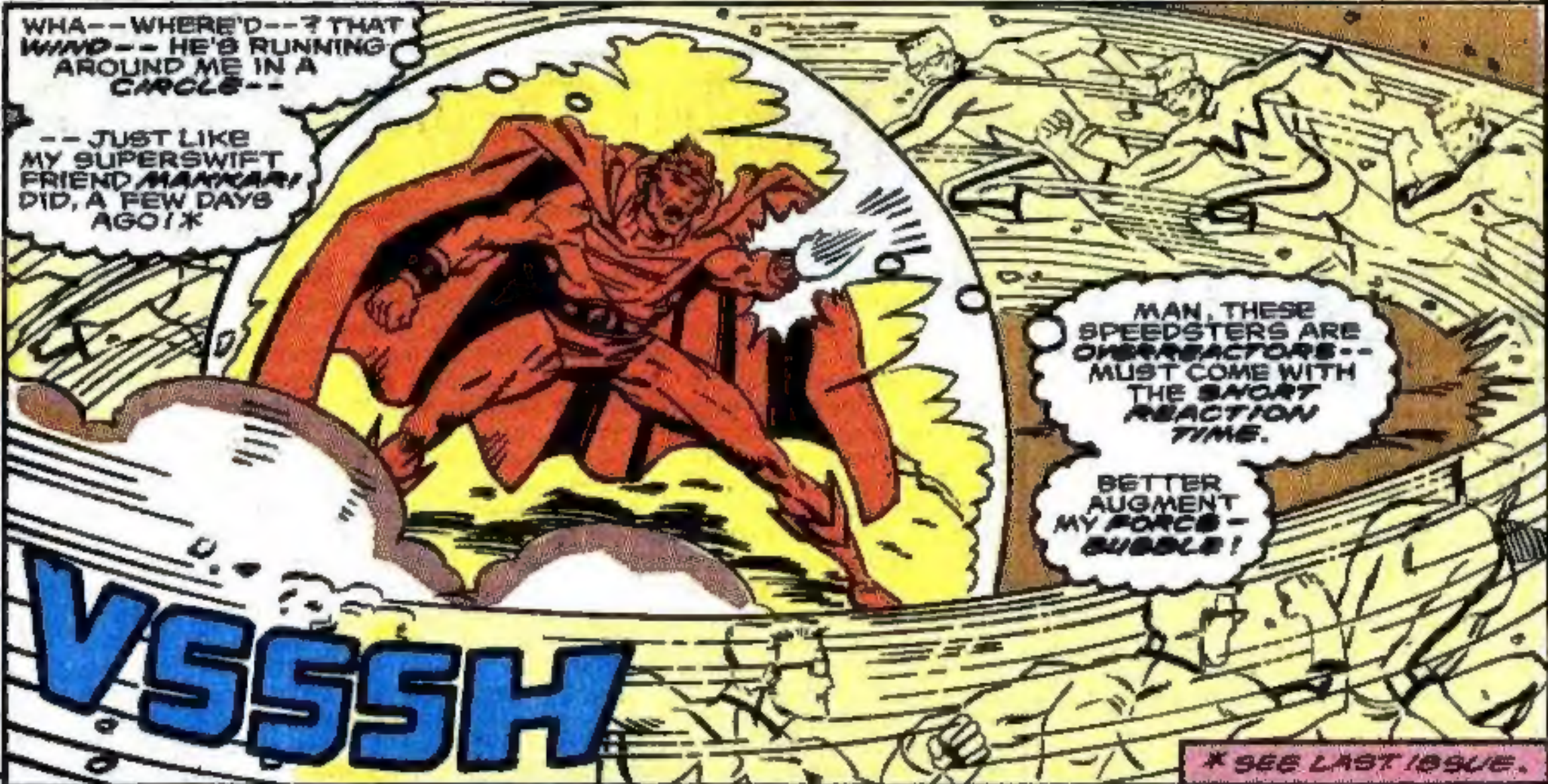
IT'S
OPENING.

I'M GETTING
INFRARED
READINGS FROM A
NUMBER OF LIFE
FORMS... AT
LEAST SIX.



WHO
THE--?







THERE'S SOMETHING DREADFULLY WRONG HERE, *HYPERION*. THE MYSTICAL MATRICES ARE... *VERY OUT OF ALIGNMENT*! AND THAT *QUASAR* PERSON-- I THINK I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE!

KEEP ME POSTED *ARCANNA*!



WAY I FIGURE, PAL, ENOUGH *PUNCTURE-NOSES* IN YOUR BUBBLE WILL MESS UP ITS *STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY*--

--AND CRACK IT LIKE AN *EGGSHELL*!

I TAKE IT THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A *GOOD TIME*?



MOVE OVER, *SPEC*-- I'LL PUT A FEW CRACKS IN THIS SPHERE!



BOBOBO
BOBOBO

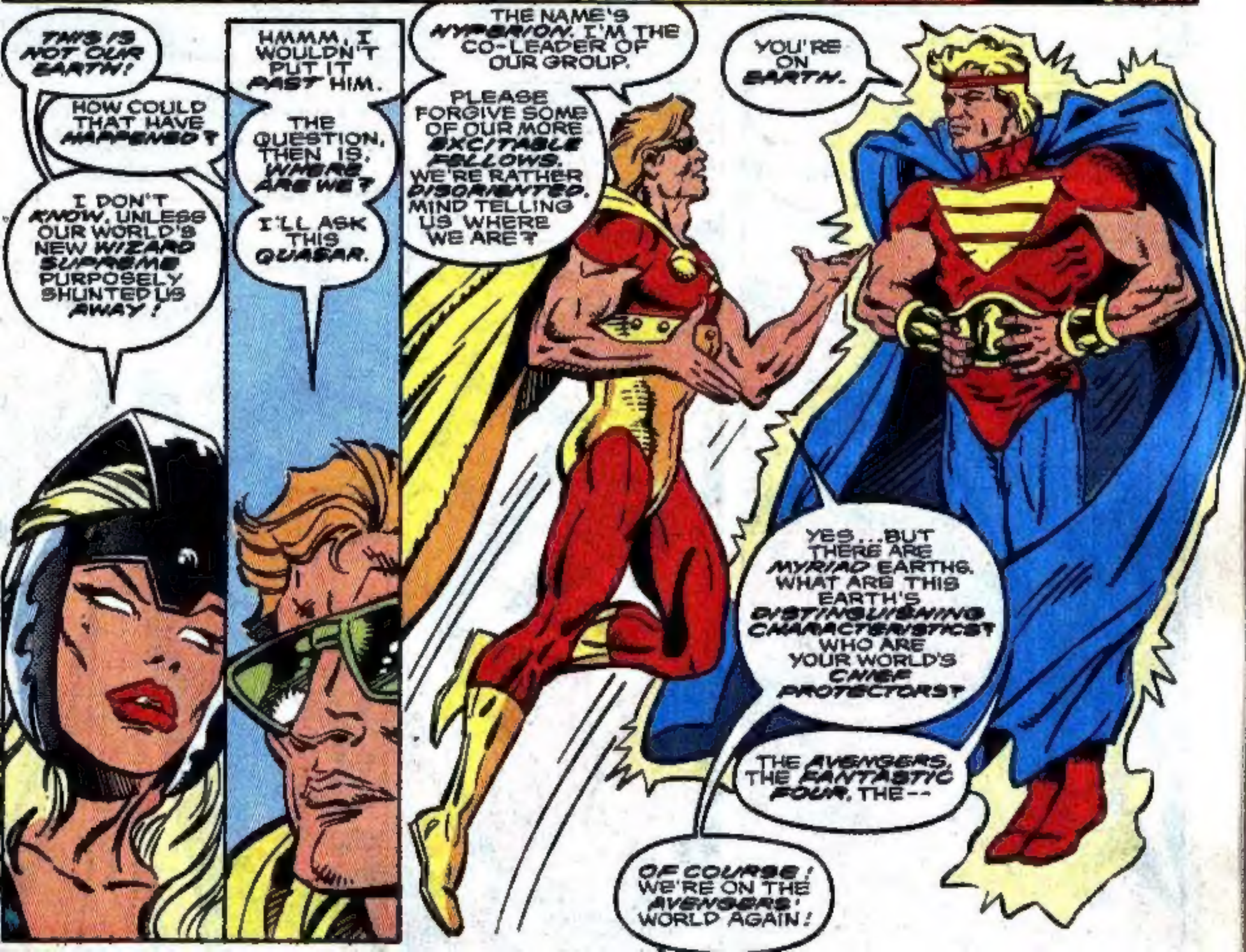


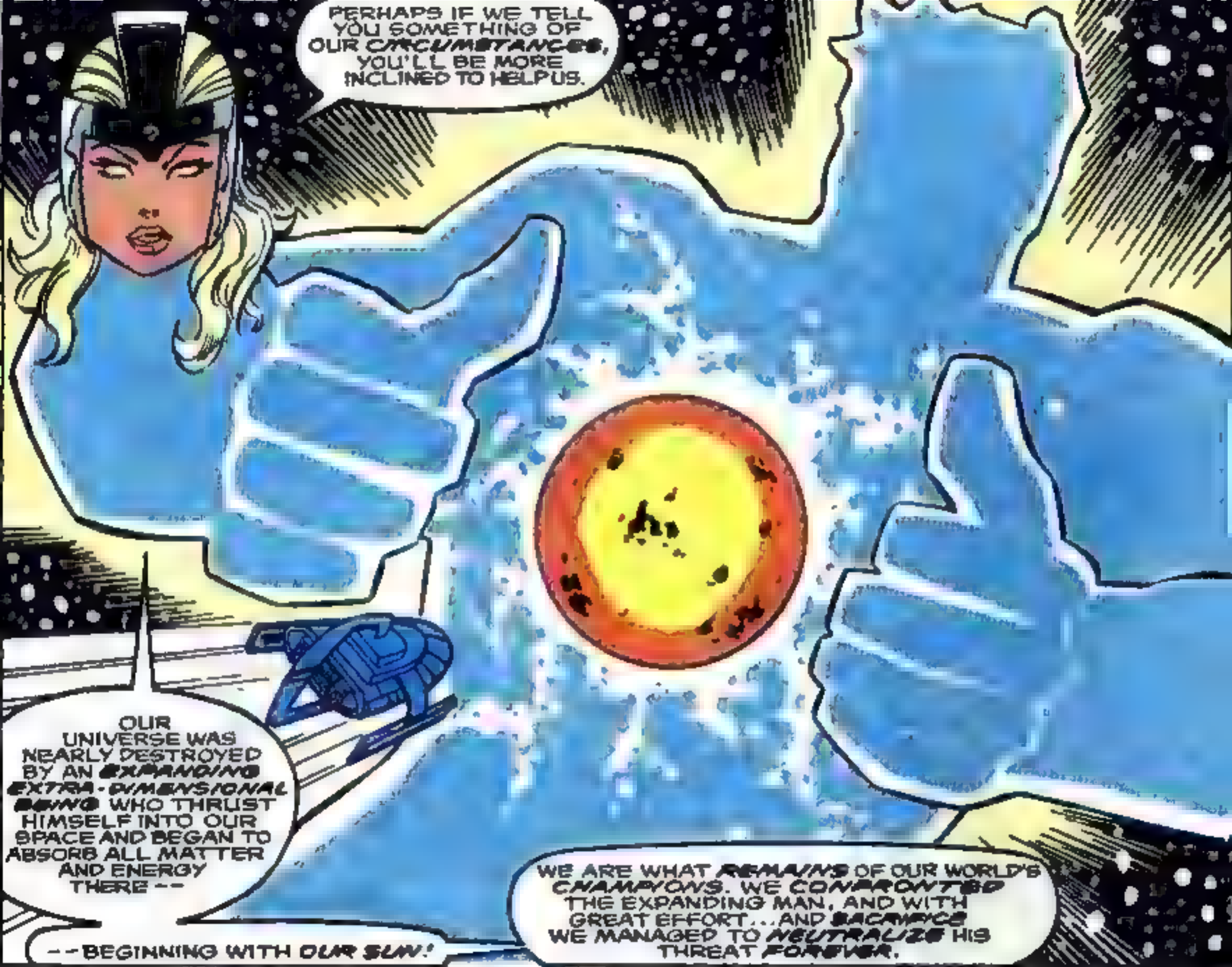
THOUGH I'M NOT THAT WORRIED ABOUT *THESE TWO*, I AM OUTNUMBERED *8 TO 2* HERE. I COULD USE SOME *REINFORCEMENTS*.

ONLY WHO COULD GET HERE FAST ENOUGH TO DO ME ANY-- OF COURSE! *MAKKARI*!

QUASAR TO *SON*, I NEED A FAVOR COULD YOU PAGE *MAKKARI*? THE *ETERNAL* FOR ME?

IF YOU WISH.



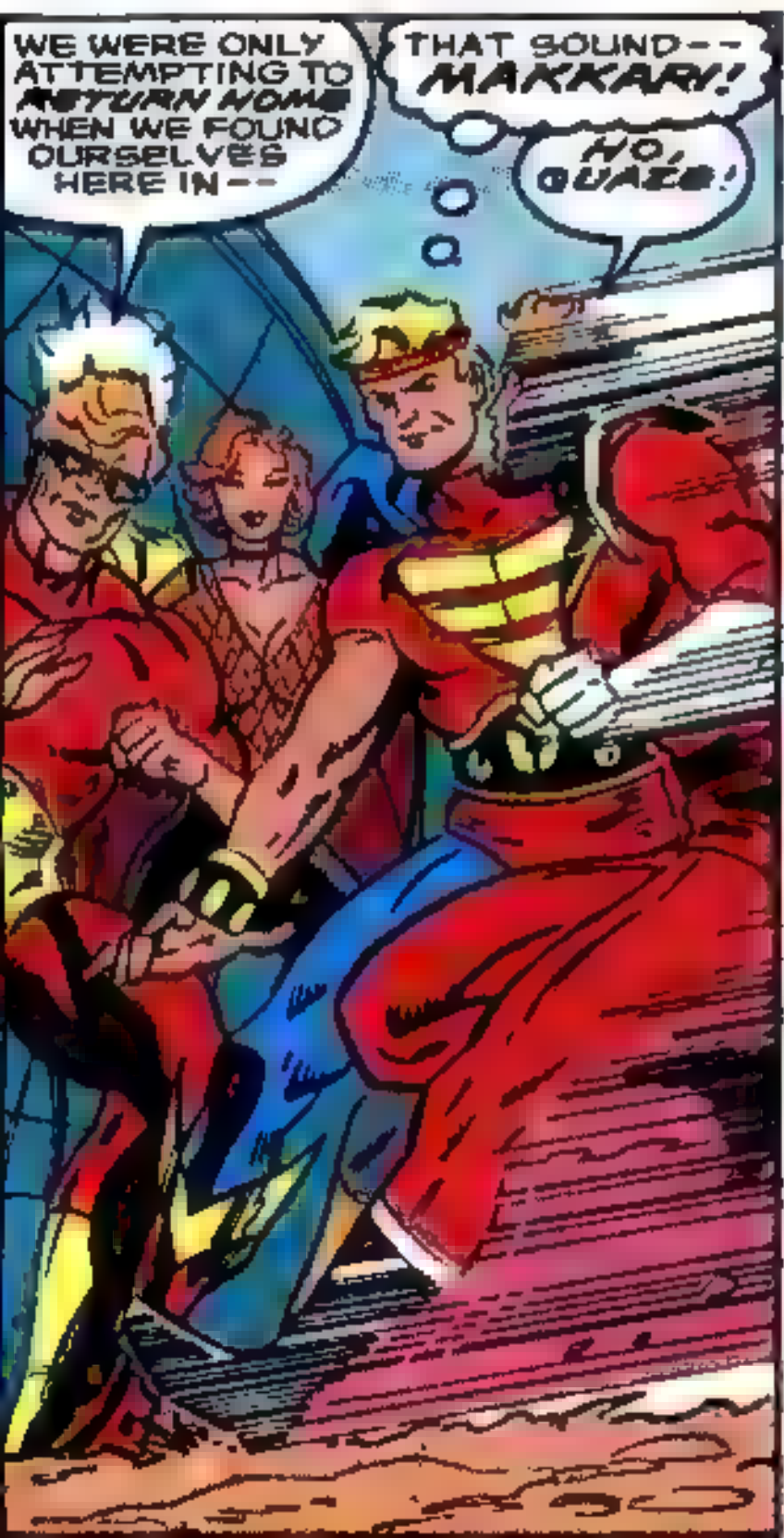


PERHAPS IF WE TELL YOU SOMETHING OF OUR CIRCUMSTANCES, YOU'LL BE MORE INCLINED TO HELP US.

OUR UNIVERSE WAS NEARLY DESTROYED BY AN EXPANDING EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL BEING WHO THRUST HIMSELF INTO OUR SPACE AND BEGAN TO ABSORB ALL MATTER AND ENERGY THERE --

WE ARE WHAT REMAINS OF OUR WORLD'S CHAMPIONS. WE CONFRONTED THE EXPANDING MAN, AND WITH GREAT EFFORT...AND SACRIFICE WE MANAGED TO NEUTRALIZE HIS THREAT FOREVER.

-- BEGINNING WITH OUR SUN!



WE WERE ONLY ATTEMPTING TO RETURN HOME WHEN WE FOUND OURSELVES HERE IN --

THAT SOUND -- MAKKARI!

NO, QUAEZ!



GOT THIS WEIRD MENTAL FLASH THAT YOU WERE IN TROUBLE -- IT EVEN TOLD ME WHERE YOU WERE. I THOUGHT WHAT THE HEY, ONLY TAKE ME A FEW MOMENTS TO CHECK IT OUT.

I TAKE IT YOU'RE NOT IN TROUBLE, HUH?

NOT ANYMORE, MAK. BUT THANKS FOR COMING ANYWAY.

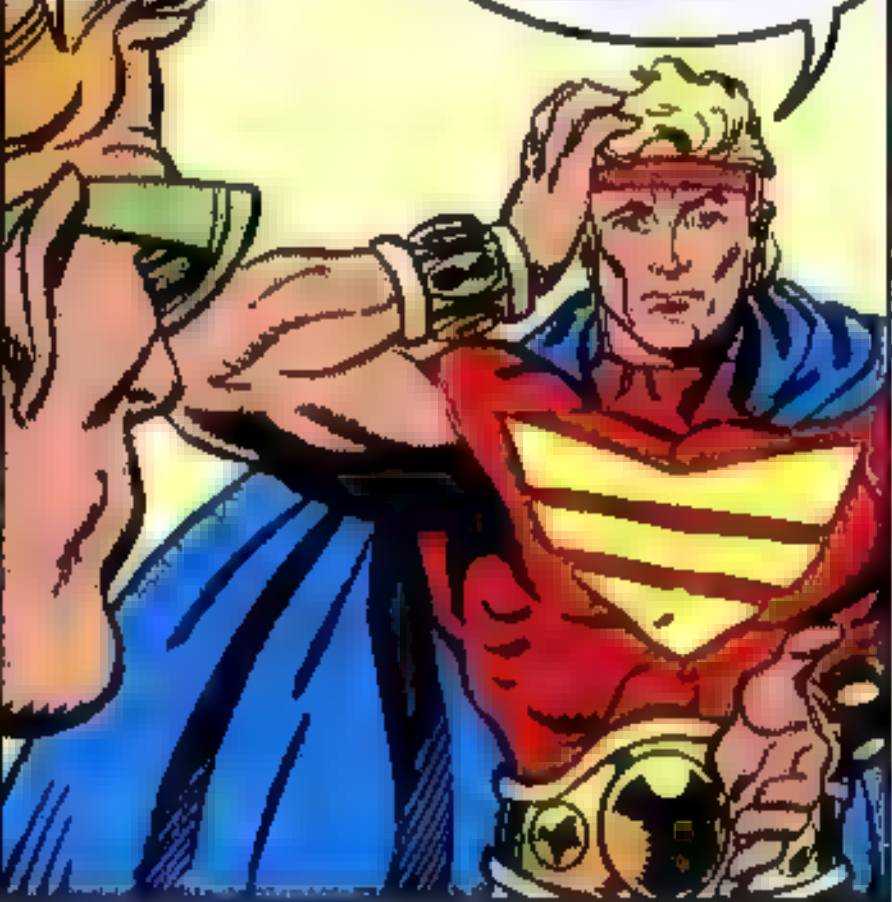


THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE, MAKKARI. MAK, THESE PEOPLE APPARENTLY COME FROM ANOTHER BARTALIAN DIMENSION. THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE EX-SQUADRON SUPREME.

JUST WHAT THIS WORLD NEEDS. ANOTHER X-GROUP.

ALL WE WANT IS TO LEAVE YOUR WORLD AND GET BACK TO OUR OWN. IF YOU COULD TAKE US TO THE AVENGERS--

I COULD. I'M A MEMBER, BUT I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH HELP WE'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU. WE DON'T HAVE ANY DIMENSION TRAVEL EXPERTS ON THE TEAM...



...AND RIGHT NOW OUR HEADQUARTERS IS UNDERGOING RECONSTRUCTION.



WAIT--I KNOW, THERE'S THIS ENERGY PROJECT I KNOW OF THAT HAS A SURPLUS OF HOUSING.

I'LL CONTACT IT. SEE IF THEY'LL LET US USE THEIR FACILITIES AS A TEMPORARY BASE FOR YOU.



WHY DON'T YOU ALL JUST GET BACK IN YOUR SHIP. I CAN TOW YOU THERE.

SHOULD I MAKE MYSELF SCARCER OR IS THIS LIKE A TEAM-UP?

I'D BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU STICK AROUND, MAK. NEVER KNOW WHEN I MAY NEED YOU TO PULL MY FAT OUT OF THE FIRE AGAIN.

MAYBE YOU COULD RIDE INSIDE.

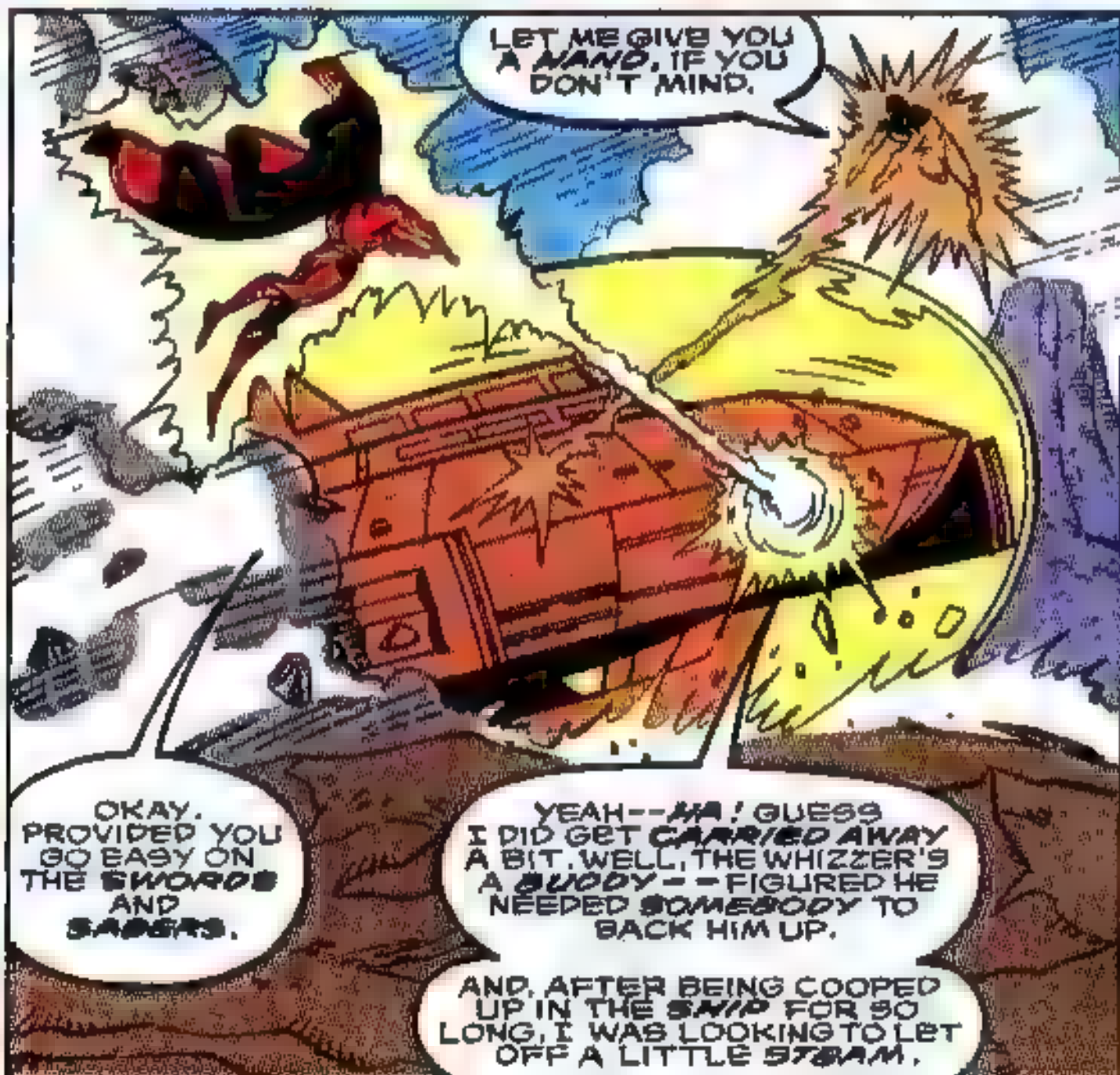


SURE THING, Q-MAN.

NEVER MINGLED WITH EXTRADIMENSIONALS BEFORE.



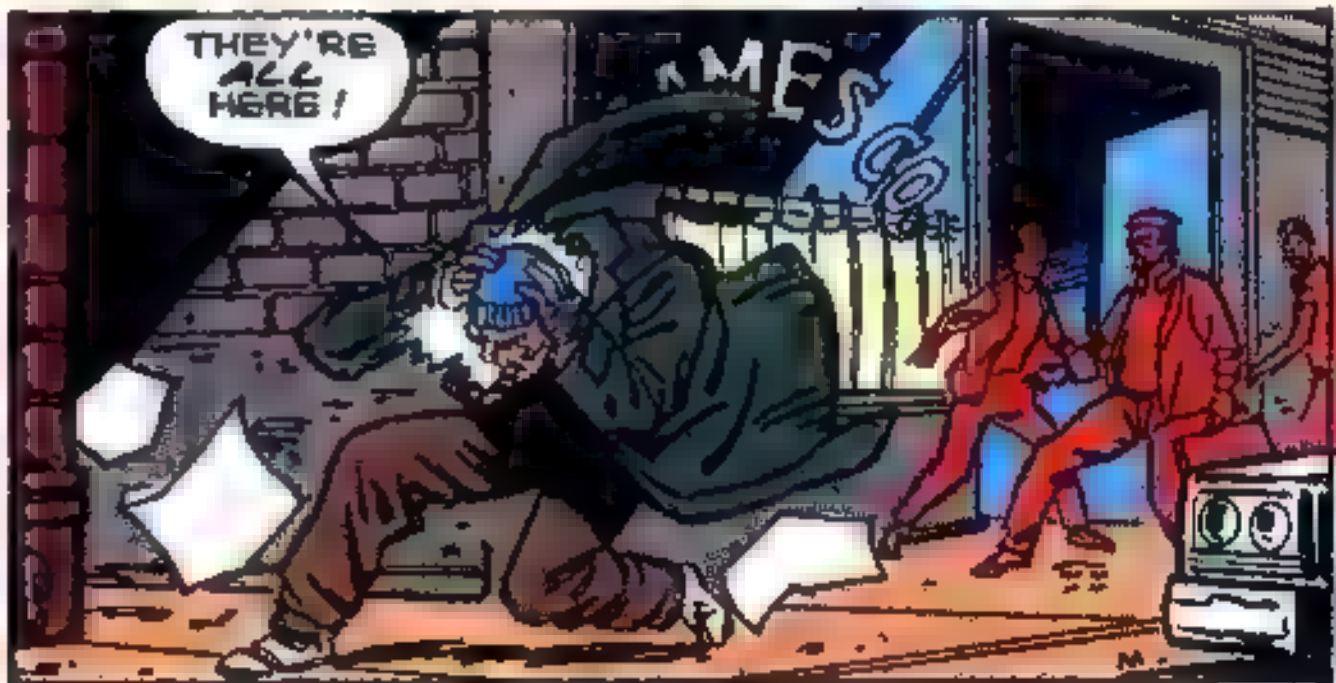
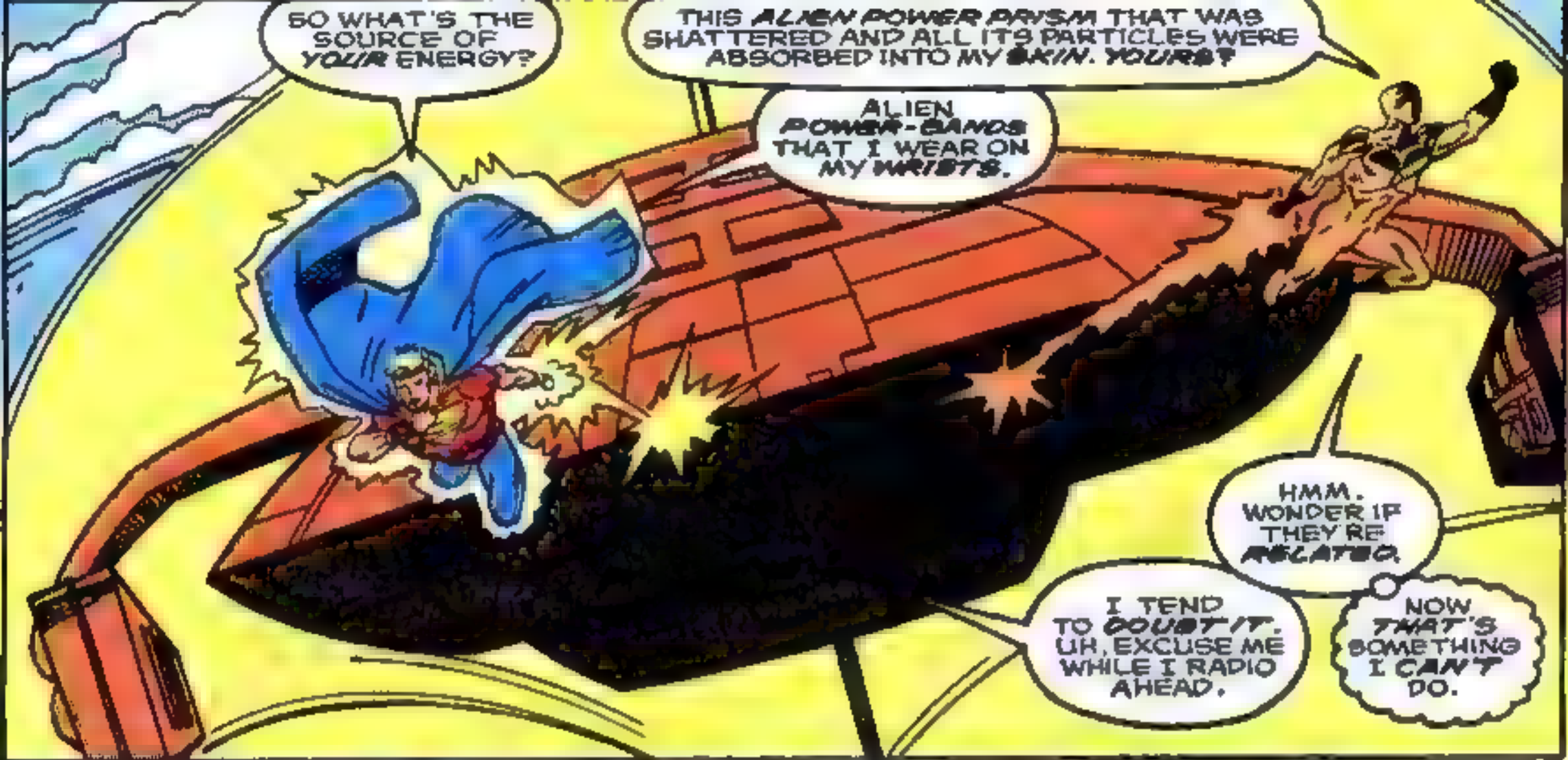
LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND, IF YOU DON'T MIND.



OKAY. PROVIDED YOU GO EASY ON THE SWORDS AND SWORDS.

YEAH--MA! GUESS I DID GET CARRIED AWAY A BIT. WELL, THE WHIZZER'S A BUDDY--FIGURED HE NEEDED SOMEBODY TO BACK HIM UP.

AND, AFTER BEING COOPED UP IN THE SHIP FOR SO LONG, I WAS LOOKING TO LET OFF A LITTLE STEAM.



ABOUT TWO HOURS
LATER, AT THE
UPSTATE NEW YORK
ENERGY RESEARCH
FACILITY, PROJECT
PEGASUS...

REALLY APPRECIATE
THIS ON SO SHORT
A NOTICE,
DR. WILBURN...

NOBSENSE,
QUASAR, THE
PROJECT OWES
YOU FAR MORE
THAN A SMALL
FAVOR LIKE
THIS.

THANK YOU,
SIR, WITH ANY
LUCK, IT SHOULD
ONLY BE A FEW
DAYS BEFORE
WE'VE HELPED
THEM GET
BACK HOME.

YOUR FRIENDS ARE WELCOME
TO STAY AS LONG AS THEY'D
LIKE. EVER SINCE ALL OF OUR
SUPERMAN TEST SUBJECTS
WERE TRANSFERRED TO THE
FEDERAL VAULT, THE ENTIRE
COMPOUND DOME HAS
BEEN VACANT.



MS. ZARGA, DR. WILBURN WILL HELP
YOU SETTLE IN. I'LL BE GETTING IN
TOUCH WITH ALL OF THE DIMENSION
TRAVEL EXPERTS I CAN THINK OF,
AND I'LL GET BACK TO YOU AS
SOON AS I CAN.

THANK YOU
FOR ALL OF
YOUR HELP,
QUASAR.

JUST DOING
MY JOB,
MA'AM.



WHY IS IT
YOU KEEP
STARTING
AT ME?

SORRY,
MAN, I--

I'M GOING, MAKKARI.
COMING?

NO, I'VE
GOT TO FINISH
DISCUSSING
SOMETHING WITH
THIS FELLOW
WITH THE GROOVY
GOOGLES.

OKAY,
I'LL BE IN
TOUCH.



THE FIRST
PERSON I
CAN THINK
OF TO TRY
IS ARNO
RICHARDS.
HE KNOWS
A GREAT
DEAL
ABOUT
EVERY-
THING.



I'LL CALL
HIM FROM MY
OFFICE.



VAUGHN SECURITY SYSTEMS, TWELFTH FLOOR, FOUR FREEDOM'S PLAZA...

HI, KAYLA, HOW'S IT GOING?

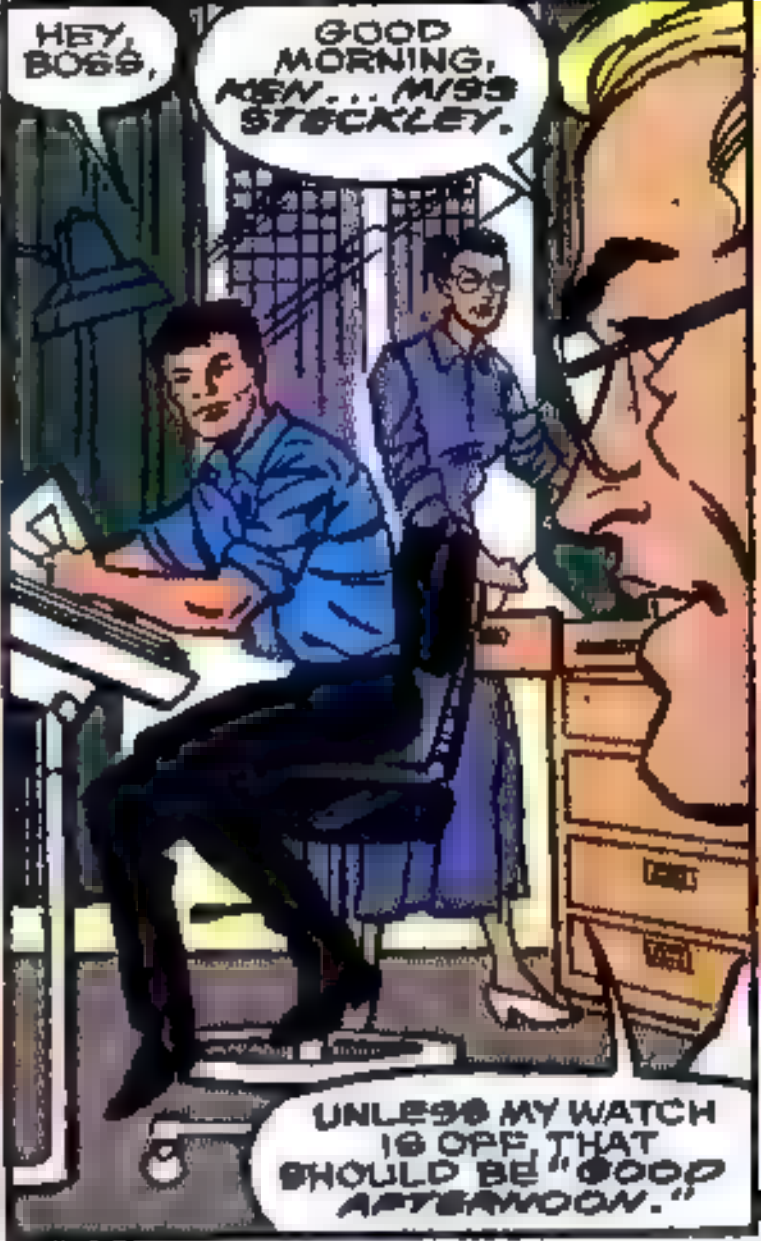
THANK GOODNESS NO NEW ACCOUNTS, MR. VAUGHN.



WE'VE GOT OUR HANDS FULL DEALING WITH THE FIVE MIZZ STECKLEY DUMPED ON US ALL AT ONCE.

I LIKE YOUR DRESS, BY THE WAY.

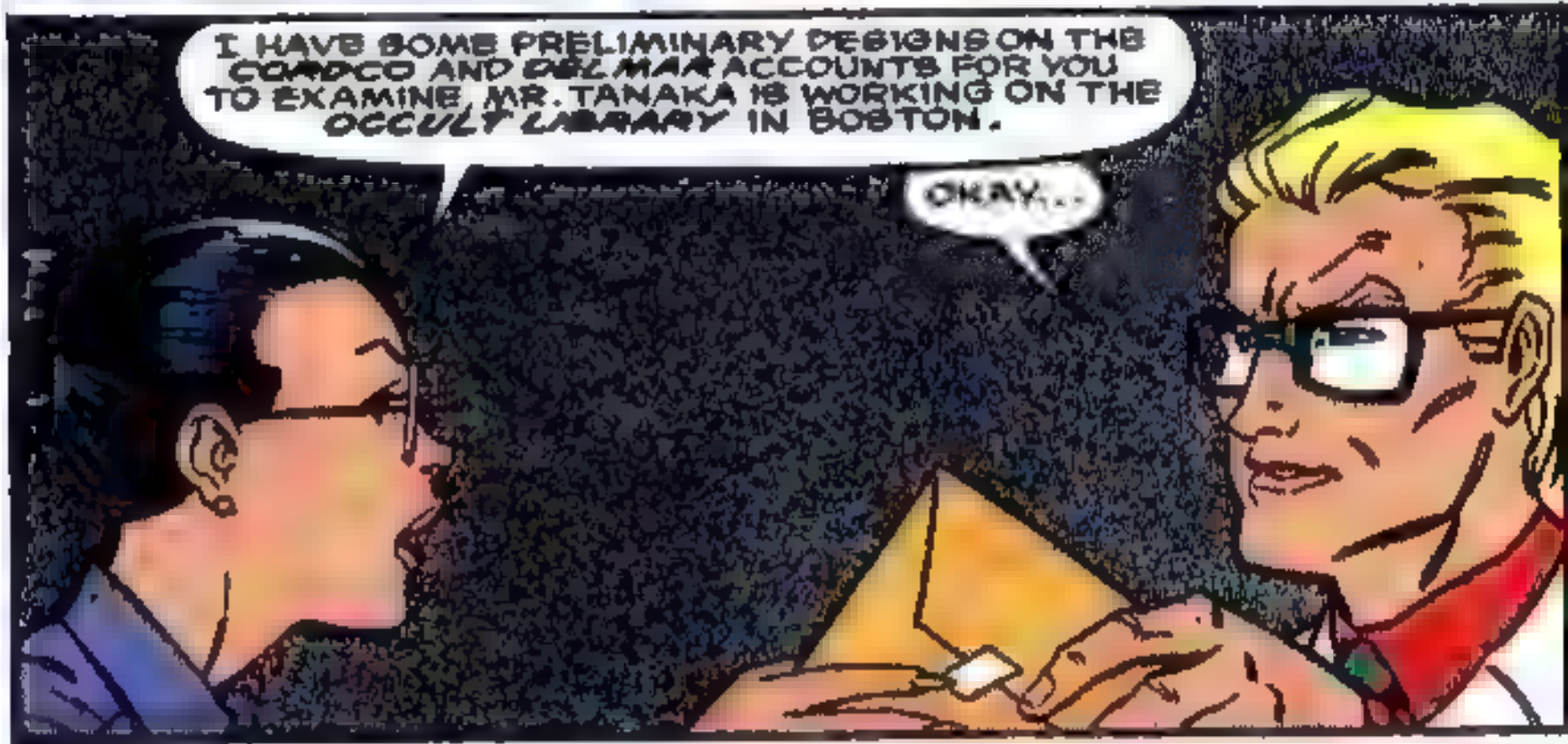
OH, THANKS.



HEY BOSS,

GOOD MORNING, MEN... MISS STECKLEY.

UNLESS MY WATCH IS OFF, THAT SHOULD BE "GOOD AFTERNOON."



I HAVE SOME PRELIMINARY DESIGNS ON THE COMOCO AND DEL MAR ACCOUNTS FOR YOU TO EXAMINE. MR. TANAKA IS WORKING ON THE OCCULT LIBRARY IN BOSTON.

OKAY...



WE HAVE A ORIENTATION MEETING WITH THE STAFF PEOPLE WEDNESDAY AT 10. WILL YOUR SCHEDULE PERMIT YOU TO MAKE IT?

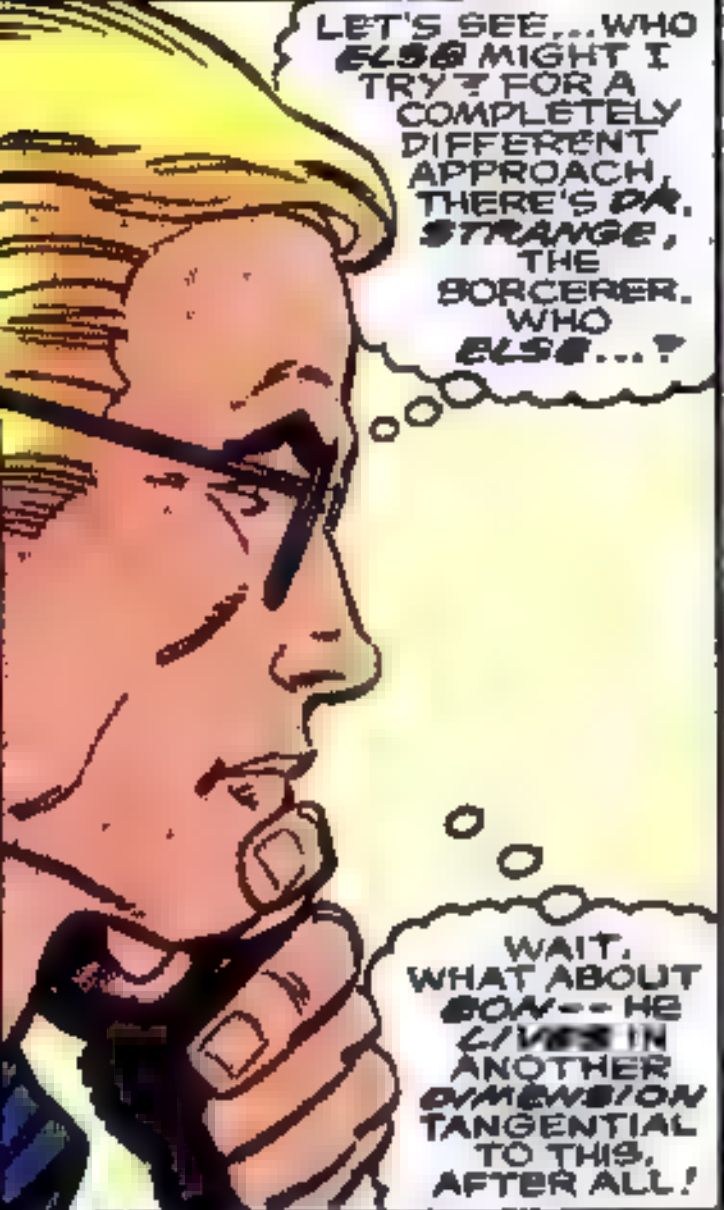
I BELIEVE SO. I'LL BE IN MY OFFICE.



THAT IS ONE PECULIAR WOMAN I'VE HIRED.

YES. THIS IS HENDELL VAUGHN OF VAUGHN SECURITIES MAY I SPEAK TO DR. RICHARDS, PLEASE?

HE'S NOT. WELL THEN, IF YOU COULD HAVE HIM CALL ME WHEN HE GETS IN, MY NUMBER IS 555-2211. THANKS.



LET'S SEE... WHO ELSE MIGHT I TRY? FOR A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT APPROACH, THERE'S DR. STRANGE, THE BORCERER, WHO ELSE...?

WAIT, WHAT ABOUT BON-- HE LIVES IN ANOTHER DIMENSION TANGENTIAL TO THIS, AFTER ALL!

HEY, BON-- YOU'RE QUASI-OMNIPOTENT, RIGHT? YOU THINK YOU COULD TRANSPORT SOMEONE FROM YOUR SUBSPACIAL REALM HERE TO THE REALITY OF THEIR CHOICE?



I COULD. BUT BEINGS SUCH AS I ABIDE BY CERTAIN TERRITORIAL AGREEMENTS WHICH I WOULD BE LOATH TO BREAK.

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU GOT YOUR TURF AND OTHERS HAVE THEIRS.

PRECISELY. IF YOU WISH, I COULD TRY TO PINPOINT ALL OF THE DENIZENS OF YOUR WORLD WITH MULTI-DIMENSIONAL ACCESS.

THAT'D BE GREAT, THANKS.



OH, DON'T HAVE YOU SEEN MY DAD LATELY? I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN DAYS... EVER SINCE WE HAD OUR LITTLE MISAGREEMENT.

YES, I HAVE SEEN HIM.

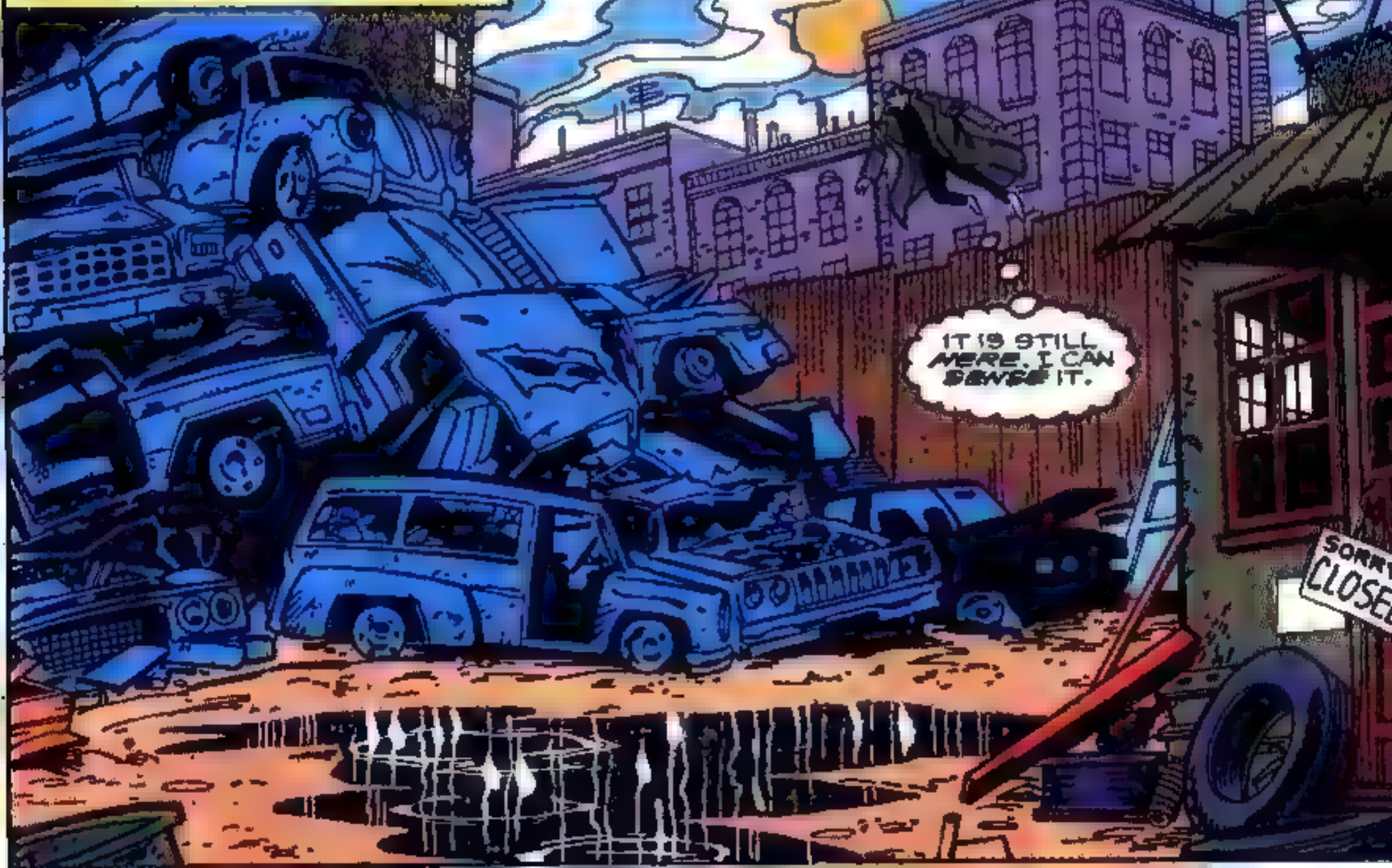
WELL, IF YOU SEE HIM AGAIN, TELL HIM I WANT TO TALK TO HIM... APOLOGIZE... OKAY?

YES, INCIDENTALLY, QUASAR-- I HAVE DETECTED A PSYCHOTRONIC DISTURBANCE IN YOUR IMMEDIATE VICINITY. BE ON GUARD.



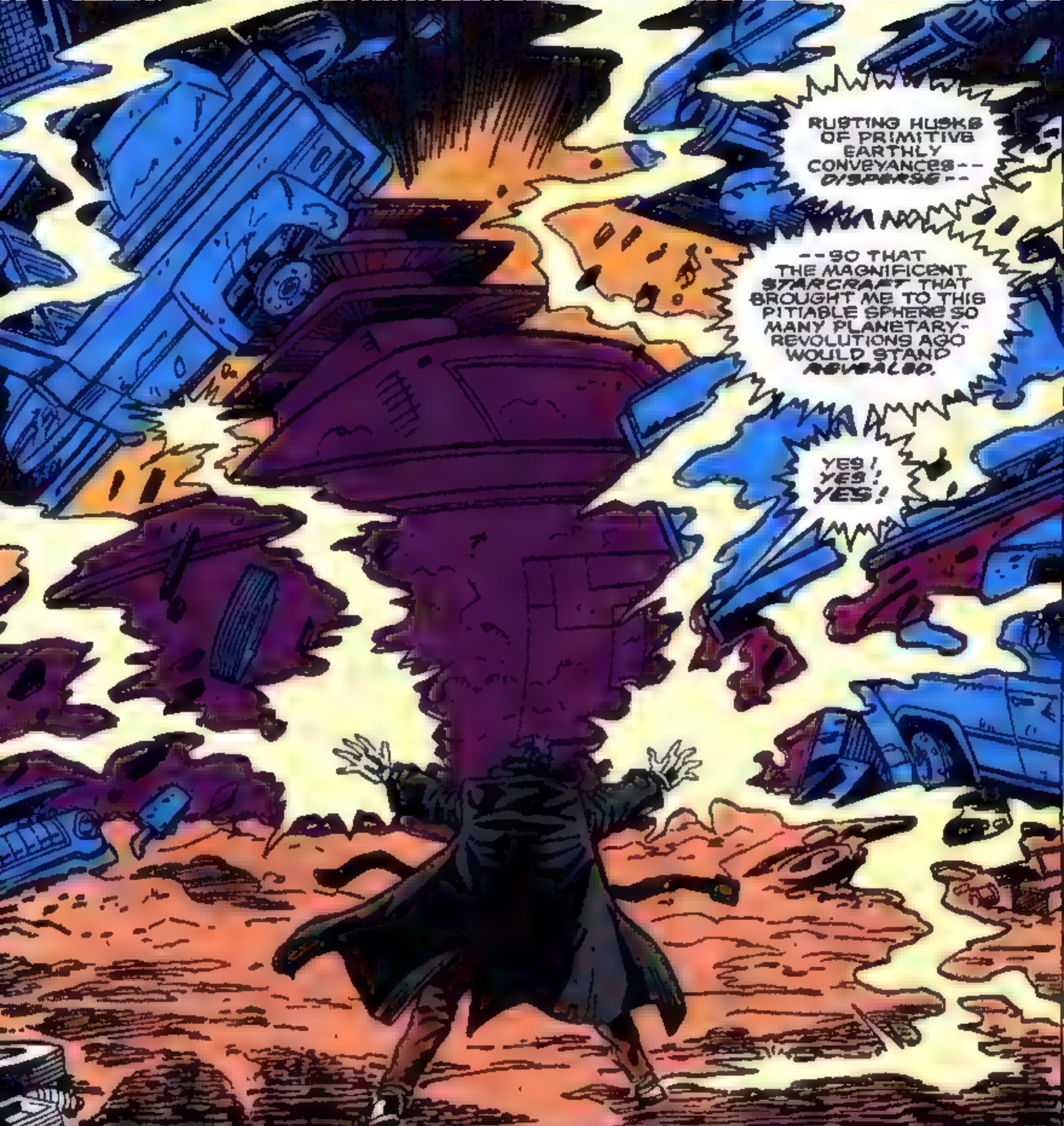
*LAST 18902.

BROOKLYN, AN HOUR LATER...



IT IS STILL HERE, I CAN SENSE IT.

SORRY CLOSED



RUSTING HUSKS
OF PRIMITIVE
EARTHLY
CONVEYANCES--
DISPERSE--

--SO THAT
THE MAGNIFICENT
STARCRAFT THAT
BROUGHT ME TO THIS
PITIABLE SPHERE SO
MANY PLANETARY-
REVOLUTIONS AGO
WOULD STAND
REVEALED.

YES!
YES!
YES!

HELLO, DR. WILBURN.
THIS IS QUASAR. COULD I
SPEAK TO HYPERION?

HE AND
YOUR FRIEND
MAKKARI LEFT
THE PROJECT ABOUT
TWO HOURS AGO ON
SOME SORT OF
"FACT-FINDING
MISSION." THEY
SAID I CAN PUT
YOU THROUGH TO
ONE OF THE
OTHER EX-
SQUADROVERS.

YOU'VE GOT
MY NUMBER.
THANKS.

OKAY.

HMM. THERE'S
NO ONE PICKING
UP IN THE COMPOUND.
MAYBE THEY'RE BEING
GIVEN THE TOUR OF
THE PLACE. I'LL SEND
A MAN TO RUSTLE
THEM UP AND CALL
YOU BACK.

THREE HOURS LATER...

DR. WILBURN... DR. RICHARDS... DR. STRANGE... NO ONE'S GOTTEN BACK TO ME YET.



AT LEAST I'VE BEEN ABLE TO CATCH UP ON SOME WORK.



WHEWWW... MAYBE I SHOULD LIE DOWN FOR A MIN. THAT'S ONE SURE WAY TO MAKE THE PHONE RING.

A THOUSAND, ONE, A THOUSAND TWO...



HUH?



IF NOT THE TELEPHONE, THEN MY QUANTUM-BANDS--!

SOMETHING COSMIC IS GOING DOWN... NEARBY, TOO.



GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE! UH-AH! A FLYING SAUCER WITH A CLOAKING FIELD!

THAT DOESN'T HIDE IT FROM MY WRIST-BANDS, THOUGH!



THAT TINGLING SENSATION IN MY BRAIN/ SOMEONE'S TRYING TO MIND-CONTROL ME!

WON'T WORK, THOUGH. AFTER MY LAST RUN-IN WITH A MIND-MEASURER, I PROGRAMMED MY QUANTUM-BANDS TO AUTOMATICALLY PROTECT ME.



WHILE I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER PSYONS, PER SE, I CAN AT LEAST SET UP A JAMMING FREQUENCY TO KEEP THEM OUT OF MY HEAD.



OKAY, YOU REFUGEE FROM PROJECT BLUE BOOK, LET'S SEE WHO'S INSIDE YOU!

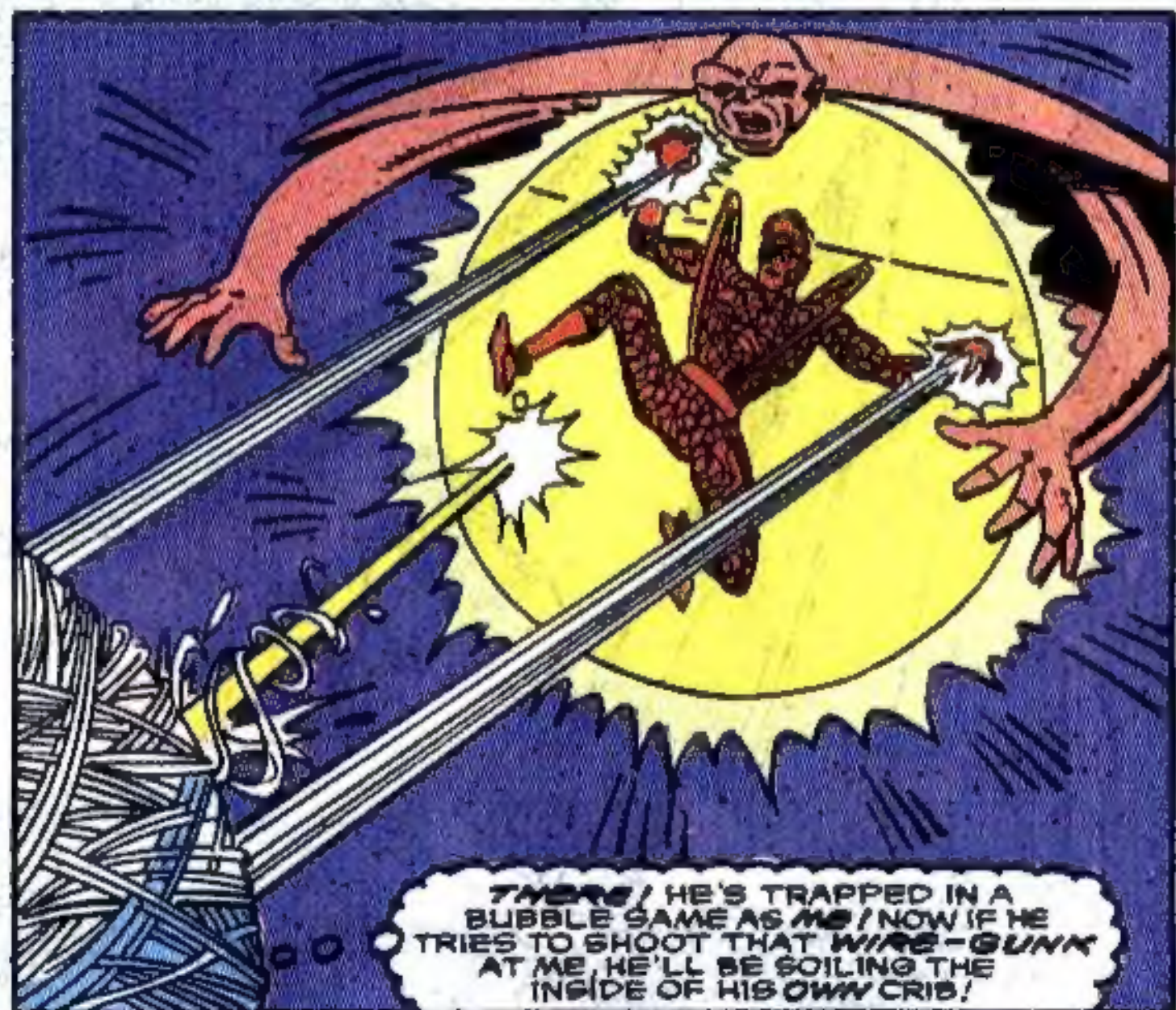
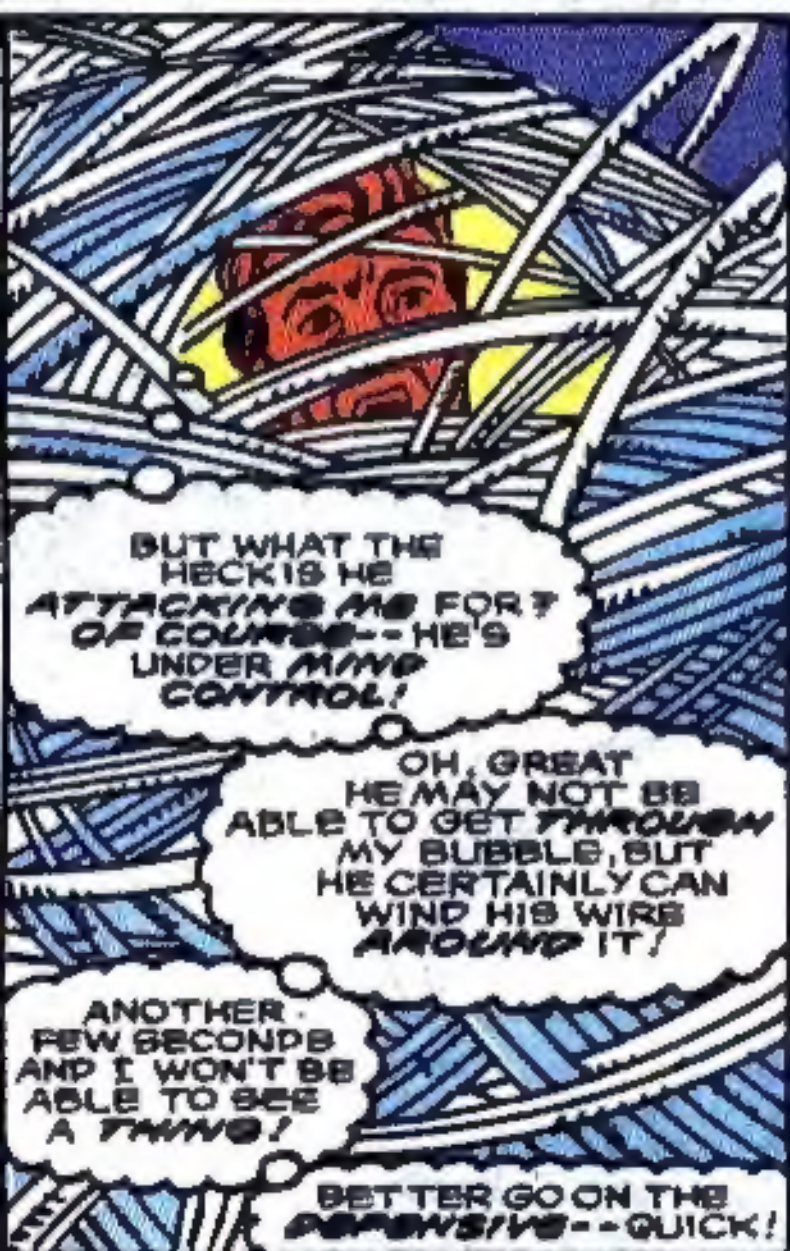
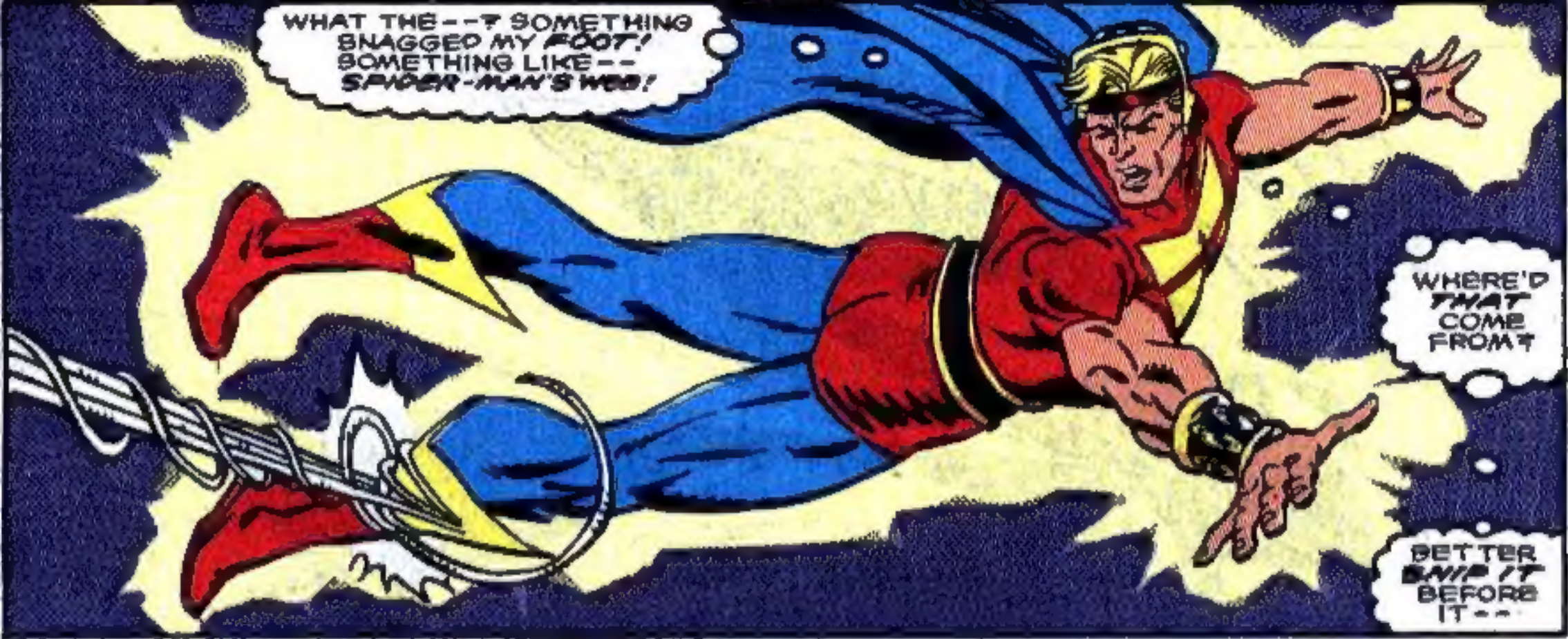
BUT JUST THEN...



WHAT? TWO OF THE
EX-SQUADROVERS!
THE SHANE AND
HAYWIRE, I
BELIEVE THEY
WERE INTRODUCED
TO ME AS.

LOOKS LIKE
THE SHANE'S
STRETCHED
HIMSELF OUT
INTO A HAWK
GLIDER!

HEY,
FELLOWS--
WHAT'S GOING
ON? HOW'D YOU
GET INSIDE
THAT SHIP?





WHAT--? I
SPOKE
TOO SOON...!

THAT
WHYGOOP
IS STARTING TO
FILL UP THE
INSIDE OF
MY SPHERE!

BUT NOW?
DOESN'T THAT
JUNK COME OUT
OF HIS HAND
SOMEHOW?

MAYBE NOT!
MAYBE IT JUST
FORMS WHEREVER HE
THINKS ABOUT
IT FORMING!



SOMETHING DRASTIC
IS CALLED FOR--
BEFORE I'M TRUSSED
UP TIGHTER THAN
KING TUT!

OKAY,
MR. HAYWIRE,
TWO CAN PLAY
AT THE REMOTE
CONTROL
GAME!

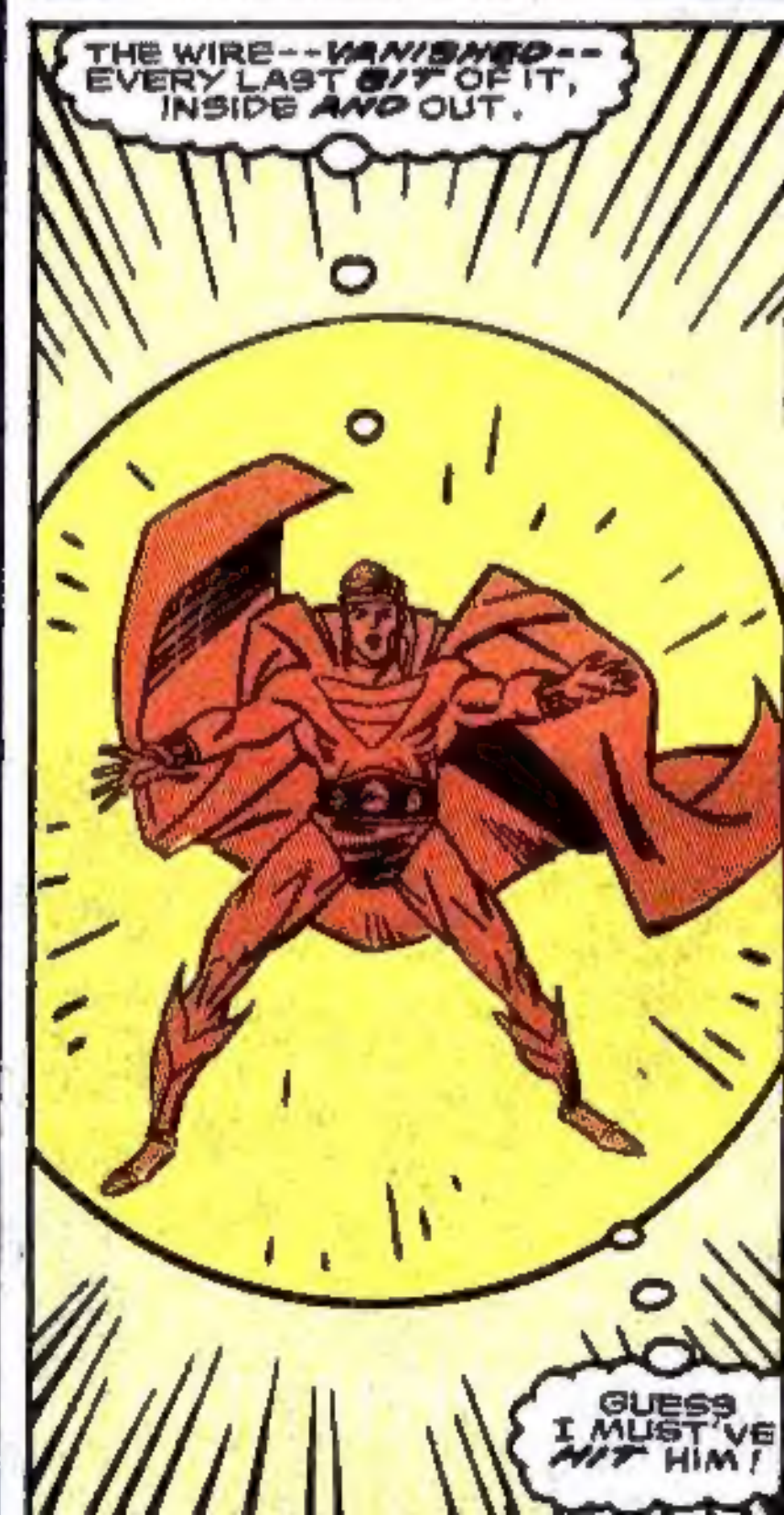
GOT TO
VISUALIZE
THE SPHERE
I'VE GOT HIM
TRAPPED IN
AS CLEARLY
AS I CAN...



...NOW I'LL CAUSE THE *INSIDE*
OF THE SPHERE TO START
SPOUTING TWO-FOOT
PRONGS--



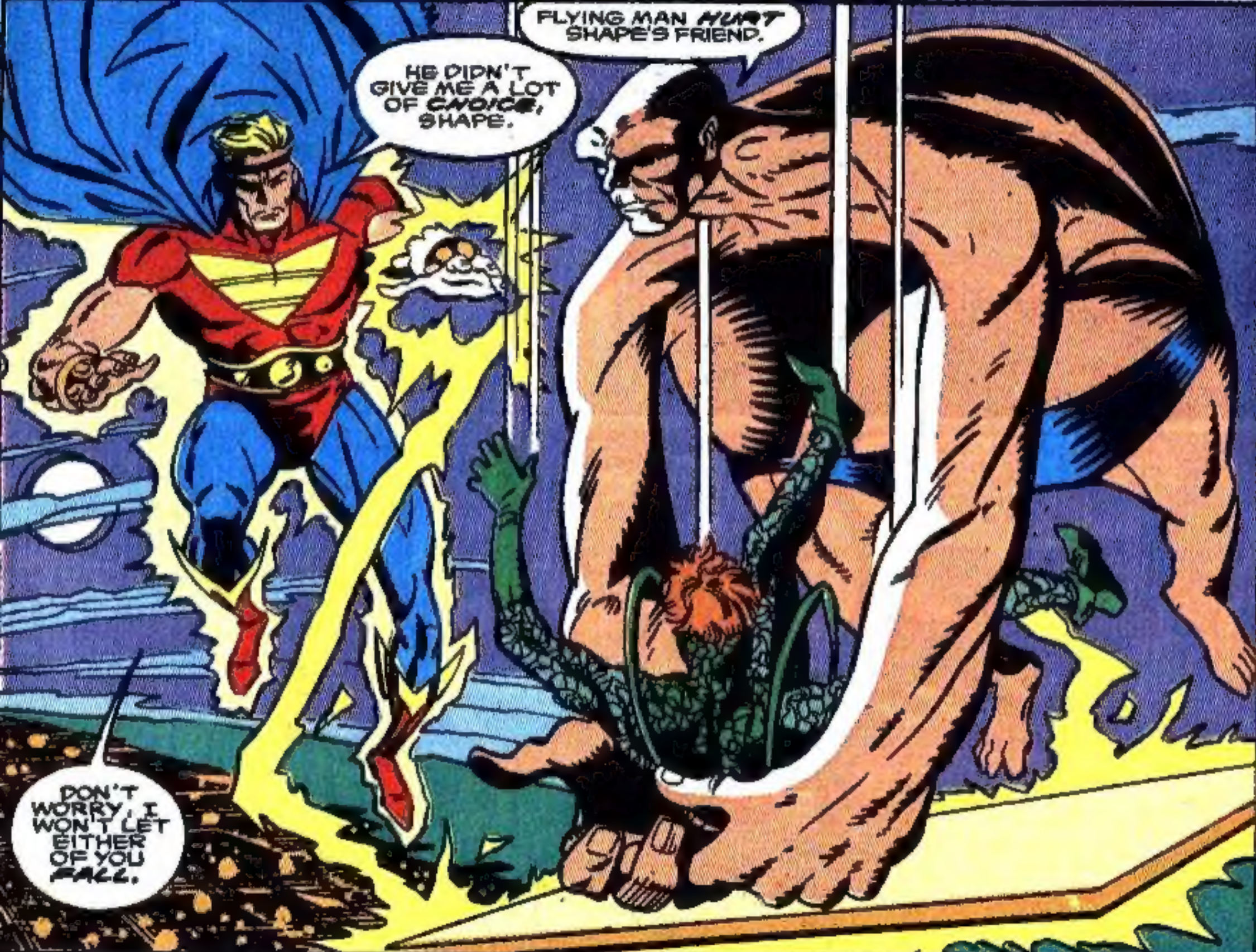
--AND HOPE THAT
ONE OF THEM CLOCKS
HIM A GOOD ONE!



THE WIRE--VANISHED--
EVERY LAST BIT OF IT,
INSIDE AND OUT.



GUESS
I MUST'VE
HIT HIM!



HE DIDN'T
GIVE ME A LOT
OF CHOICE,
SHAPE.

FLYING MAN **HURT**
SHAPE'S FRIEND.

DON'T
WORRY, I
WON'T LET
EITHER
OF YOU
FALL.

SO WHAT'S THE **SAB**
IDEA-- WHO PUT YOU
TWO **UNDER** CONTROL?
WAS THE REST OF THE
EX-SQUADRON ABOARD
THAT SHIP?

SHAPE
NOT
TELL.

KISS
OFF,
JACK.

WE DID WHAT WE WERE
TOLD-- **DELAYED** YOU
UNTIL THE MASTER'S SHIP
COULD JUMP INTO
HYPERSPACE WHERE YOU
COULDN'T FOLLOW!

ONLY MASTER FAR
AWAY NOW-- FORGOT
TO **TAKE** US!
SHAAAA! SHAPE
NOT WANT TO THINK
FOR SELF!



MINUTES LATER...



BOTH OF THESE GUYS ARE PRETTY *USELESS* IN THE *INFORMATION* DEPARTMENT. MAYBE AT THE PROJECT I CAN AT LEAST DETERMINE IF ALL OF THE *EX-SQUADRON* WERE ABOARD THAT SHIP OR NOT--!



HEY, QUASAR! HYPE'S BUDDIES ARE *MISSING*! OH-- YOU *FOUND* TWO OF 'EM? WHERE'RE THE *REST*?

IF THEY'RE NOT HERE, THEN THERE'S A VERY GOOD POSSIBILITY THEY'RE ALL ABOARD A *FLYING SAUCER* THAT JUST TOOK OFF AND *LOST ME*-- THANKS TO *HAYWIRE* AND *SNAPE*!



WHAT'S GOING ON, HAYWIRE? WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

THE *MASTER* HAS THEM.

THE *MASTER*? MASTER WHO? MASTER MENACE? WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



I NEED YOUR *HELP*, QUASAR. YOU MUST HELP ME *RESCUE* MY *FRIENDS*!

I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SAY THAT.

NEXT: JOURNEY TO A STRANGE PLANET!